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It was the first wedding that had been announced in Arcady; and the occasion was participated in by all as by one harmonious family.

As for the day itself, it seemed ordered to our wishes. To me it seemed as if the skies had opened and dropped one of the most perfect summer days of Paradise down into the valley; but I was not quite in my sober senses, and it may be that suns have shone, and foliage waved, lakes glittered, birds sang, and roses bloomed, as well before.

In the afternoon I sat in my chamber, and waited for the hour. I was in an inspired state. There were wings to my soul, if not to my body, and I arose to a dizzy height of ecstasy. I allowed my trembling, impassioned imagination to enter the chamber where Morna was attiring herself in bridal robes. I saw her before her mirror, lifting her modest eyes to mark the effect of the bridal veil and robe, flushing and paling to think the beauty reflected there was so soon to be bestowed upon me. I saw them fitting the satin slipper to the foot, the snowy girdle to the waist, the bouquet to the bosom, the wreath to the hair; and I knew that when these were laid aside, Morna would be my wife. I should be permitted to enter the holy bower where her maidenly rest had been taken through sweet, unsullied years, and where my reverent thought had, until now, scarcely dared to linger. I thought of the night—of the morrow—of the years to come through all of which she shall be mine. I arose with an ethereal flush through my frame, for there was a light tap at my door. When I opened it, the virgin train of maidens waited to conduct me to Morna, who stood at the threshold of her apartment looking even more lovely than I had dreamed. A spiritual radiance emanated from her happy face; her eyes met mine for an instant with an expression of faith and confidence. I took her hand, and we walked out into the midst of the festal multitude. The splendor of the sunset hour hallowed everything.

When the white-haired minister of the valley stood forth in his sacred robes, I felt her tremble. At that instant profound stillness fell upon the assembly. It was broken by the clatter of a horse's hoof, by a shout of warning, and a messenger from the other settlement rode into our midst.

"The Indians!" he gasped, half dead with haste; "they surround the valley a thousand strong, and in less than half an

hour they will be upon you! Fly! for God's sake, pause not for anything! There is but one chance for safety, and that is in the mountain path, of which they do not know, and which will shelter your flight for four or five miles, and give you that narrow hope. Fly for our settlement! We are already on the march to defend you, and we have more arms than you!"

"Hush! no screaming; women and children, be brave!" said one, in a tone of authority; and all fled for their horses, parents dragging their children by the hands.

"Marry us, before you stir!" shouted I to the minister, for my brain was on fire with a fearful memory.

"Oh, yes," cried Morna, clasping her hands, "if I am to die, let it be as his wife!" and as she said these words, there was that in her face of intense and overmastering love which a lifetime might not have so fully revealed.

Briefly our hands were joined, and the blessing pronounced. I lifted her in my arms, and ran for Gray Eagle, who could bear us both with ease. My father put my pistols in my hands—he had already found his rifle—I waited to see him and our mother well mounted, and then, a word, and Gray Eagle was off like a bird. He had found the valley by the same path through which we were now to leave it, and he went as before, by intuition; the rest of the party following, helter-skelter, as they best could. We wound about the difficult way for miles, trembling with expectation that we should, at any instant, hear the terrible war-whoop close at our side. At last we were obliged to go out upon the open prairie. Oh, then, how we wished for the cover of the darkness of night; that it were only three hours later! But day still shone inexorable, though the shadows were beginning to fall. Straight for the river we rode, our hearts momentarily growing lighter, as the twilight deepened, without a shout of pursuit.

Looking back, we saw a glare against the sky like that of burning buildings, and a brief time later we could distinguish distant yells of defiance and anger, which soon changed to whoops of triumph, as some of their number detected our retreating party. Our hope now was to reach the forest which skirted the prairie not far away, where the wood and the night together would afford us some protection.

There is no need to describe the horror of that flight of men, women, and children through the forest, and the midnight, for

five and twenty miles. We were obliged to emerge into the open country again before reaching the settlement, and we struggled out upon this, at the first gray of dawn, having been bewildered and entangled in the pathless wood all night.

A large body of Indians emerged from cover at almost the same time, and but a little distance from us. Their horses were fresher than ours, and not so burdened. Already the arrows and bullets whistled about us, when our enemies suddenly wheeled and made off into the shelter of the wood again. They had been surprised by the party of brave men sent out, well armed, from the settlement, and imagining their number much greater than it was, they had retreated.

A few moments more and we were in the village, and our preservers marching on to protect us from farther molestation.

"Morna—my wife, we are saved!" I murmured, as I leaped from my horse with her in my arms. "Look up, and say how glad you are. Why, dearest, are you so weary?"

She did not lift her head, though her arms were clasped tightly about my waist. I lifted it tenderly, and looked—the white garments were stained crimson—an arrow from the hand of one of those devilish savages was quivering in the bosom of her I loved! Morna was dead!

I knew nothing rightly for months after that moment, and when I recovered what was left of my scattered health, I turned away from my mourning friends, fleeing to the uttermost parts of the earth to escape from the memory of the past. At times all seems like a vivid and troubled dream, which has made reality vague for the time being, and as I fly from country to country, I pause sometimes, and ask myself Was there ever a valley of Arcady? Was there ever a Morna who dwelt in this valley of Arcady?

#### ITALIAN SONNET.

There is no God, the fool in secret said—  
There is no God that rules on earth, or sky:  
Tear off the band that folds the wretch's head,  
That God may burst upon his faithless eye.  
Is there no God?—the stars in myriads spread,  
If he look up, the blasphemy deny,  
Whilst his own features in the mirror read,  
Reflect the image of Divinity.  
Is there no God?—the stream that silver flows,  
The air he breathes, the ground he treads, the trees,  
The flowers, the grass, the sands, each wind that  
blows,  
All speak of God; throughout one voice agrees,  
And eloquent his dread existence shows:  
Blind to thyself, ah, see him, fool, in these!